

WHAT'S ON



Rabindra Utsab
Venue: Chhayanaut Bhaban,
Dharmundi
Date: May 8-9
Time: 6:30pm



Jatio Rabindra Sangeet
Utsab
Organiser: Bangladesh Rabindra
Sangeet Shilp Sangha
Venue: Central Library
Shahzadpur
Date: May 6-10; Time: 6pm



Kheleghor's 62nd
anniversary
Organiser: Kheleghor
Venue: Music and Dance
auditorium, Shilpkala Academy
Date: May 9; Time: 5pm



Munir Chowdhury
Theatre Festival
Organiser: Shilpkala Academy
Venue: Experimental Hall
Date: May 9-11
Time: 7pm



CD Launch
Title: Ei jysto na Ekai Darje
Elocution: Kazi M Arif
Venue: Music and Dance
auditorium, Shilpkala Academy
Date: May 13



Photography Exhibition

Title: Innate Identities

Venue: Bengal Gallery of Fine Arts,
Dharmundi

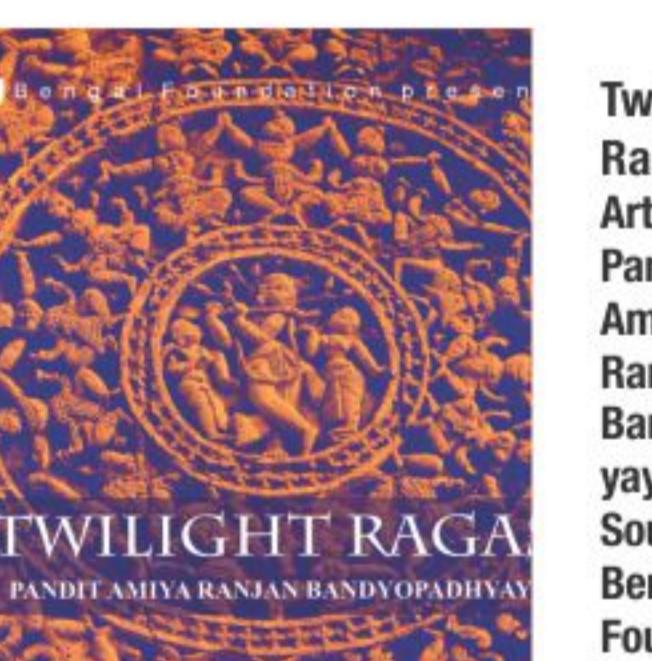
Date: May 10-17

Time: 12-8pm

IT'S TRUE!

In March 2004, the Nobel medal that had been awarded to Rabindranath Tagore, along with other values and citations, were stolen from a museum in the Uttarayan complex in Santiniketan. On Tagore's 100th birth anniversary, the Nobel Foundation issued a new Nobel medal to Tagore.

NEW RELEASES



Twilight
Raga
Artist: Pandit
Amiya Ranjan
Bandyopadhyay
Source: Bengal
Foundation



Gaane
Gaane
Tumi
Mixed
Album
Source: Laser
Vision



Chhanda-
bandhan
Artist: Nandita
Yasmin
Source: Bengal
Foundation



Tori Elo
Tiry
Artist: Ehsan Rahi
and Belli
Naha
Source: Laser
Vision

Tales of the Bard

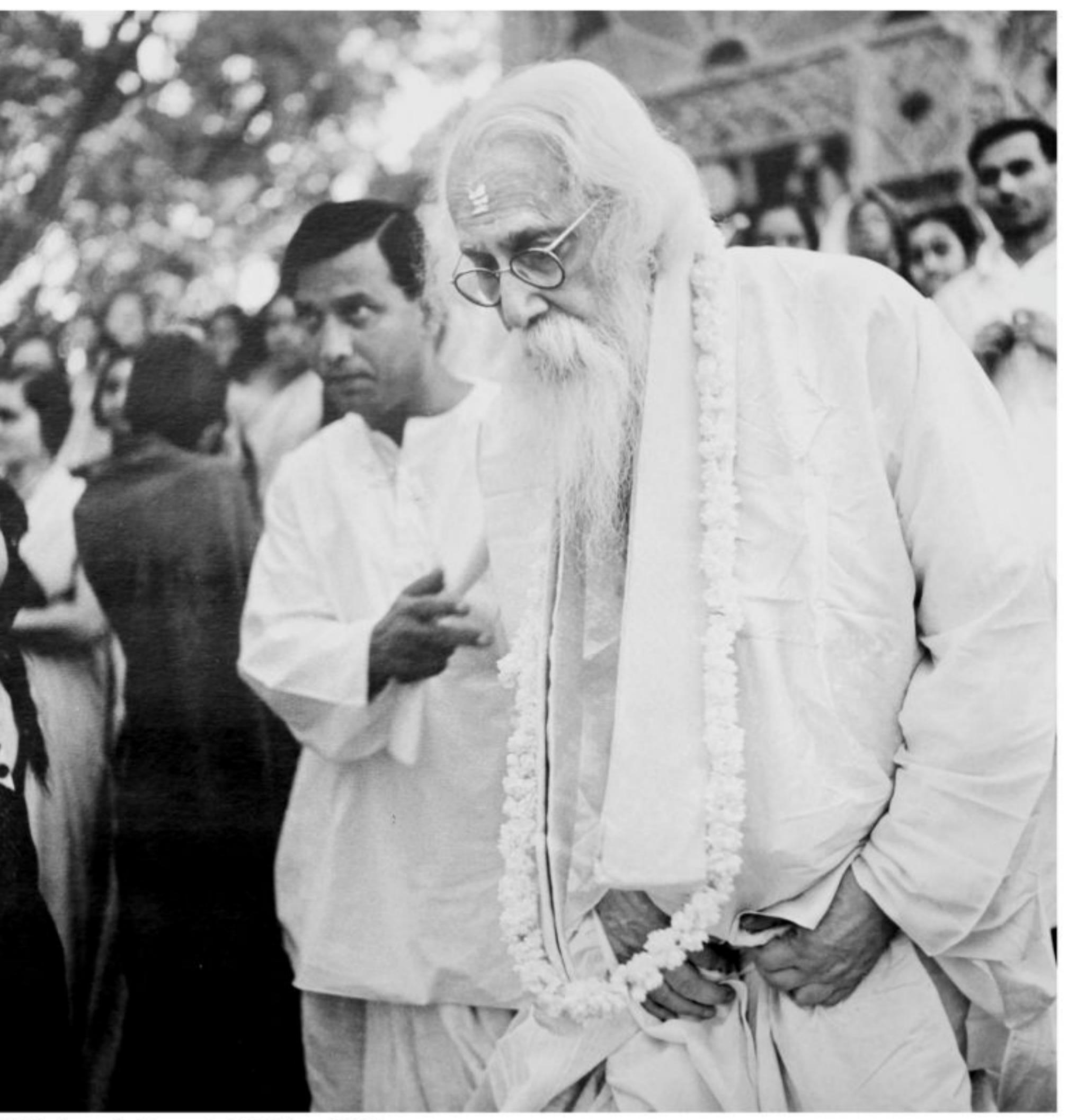
Rabindranath touches a chord...

SYED BADRUL AHSEN

In Rabindranath is a perpetual reminder of Bengal. Yes, there is the cosmopolitan about him, the modernity that defines poetry in our times. What Neruda is to Latin America and Lorca is to Spain and Goethe is to Germany. Rabindranath is to the world that I endlessly rediscover, because the Bard is constantly reinventing it through his poetry. And poetry is in his songs. My day begins with his music, through drifting along in the melody that underpins our lives, Rabindranath's melody.

And life is but a purposeful definition of love, of romance. In the laughter of the woman who causes new poetic sensibilities to arise in my soul every time she waltzes into the room, in the silence which descends on her all day long, it is the song that matters. Through aami tomor shonghe bedechhi amar praan, passion assumes wider dimensions and love is rekindled in the heart. I serenade this woman, I celebrate her, as I hum tomye gaan shonobabo / tai to amaye jagive rakhao.

Rabindranath touches a chord, somewhere and everywhere. He is a throbber presence in my understanding of the roots I have sprung from, the roots that clutch the roots that will call me back to earth. Those roots are the land, this country, which has through the centuries endured myriad degrees of pain and yet has refused to genuflect before fate or the terror periodically unleashed by unbridled nature. In the stillness of descending daylight, almost in the manner of a whisper, to things mystical. Creation, along with the wonders that give it profundity of meaning, shines in the greyness enveloping the gently flowing river, in the waters that have flowed since time immemorial. I sing nodi pare ei



Rabindranath Tagore's birthday, 1937.

PHOTO COURTESY: SHAMBHU SHAHA

across the landscape, even as the early stars climb the heights to the heavens.

My Rabindranath is a soft call, almost in the manner of a whisper, to things mystical. Creation, along with the wonders that give it profundity of meaning, shines in the greyness enveloping the gently flowing river, in the waters that have flowed since time immemorial. I sing nodi pare ei

Asharhe. And I follow it up with aaji shaanjer jamuna-e go / troun chander kirono tori bheshe jaaye go. When I reflect on Rabindranath, I appear to be getting drawn, yet again, into the wider philosophy of life he epitomizes through his songs, indeed through the art and the aesthetics he pumped into Bengali literature through a life that spanned eight decades.

There is fullness in Rabindranath, a comprehensive life which borrowed from the universe around it and then reshaped and redefined what it had borrowed, before coming forth with it all as an offering to the cosmos we call home. He was a whole lot more than a poet, a maker of songs. He saw the world around him and then preserved it in the rainbow colours of his art.

In his work with wood, it was again primordial beauty more than the physicality of objects which emerged from the infinite creativity that was Rabindranath.

My Rabindranath speaks to me

of the wonders of the wider world

outside my window. He takes me

to distant China, the distance

being of the times gone by, a

world that came encapsulated in

the second decade of the twenti-

eth century. I hear him expound

on the nature of life and the

character of death as he treks

through Japan. In my

Rabindranath is, curiously, a

reminder of Yeats, for both men

knew each other. Larger than that

truth is the depths to which they

were willing to go in creating new

dreams and reviving old ones

from the bed of time's gurgling,

often riotous sea.

Rabindranath for me is a lesson on the need for patriotism, a guide on the limits to which nationalism can go in assessments of history. He speaks of the religion of man. Because he does, I find God in the church, in the temple, in the mosque. Because he does, God manifests Himself in the pouring rain, in the fall of a star, in the slow rise of the moon across a nocturnal sky, in the frantic struggle of the sun to peep through dense monsoon clouds. God is in the fragrance of the beautiful woman who holds my hand, whose face I care for, in the brevity of a moment. God lives in Rabindranath's soul.

God reminds me of my place in

the universe, as a leaf stirs on a

listless afternoon. Ripples in the

pond break into beautiful

games, in the manner of so

many children breaking into

baby laughter.

My Rabindranath teaches me,

every living day, the meaning of

life lived in courage. Because of

the world around him and then preserved it in the rainbow colours of his art.

He is in his work with wood,

which is again primordial

beauty more than the physicality

of objects which emerged from the

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